

THE
MOCK DOCTOR:
OR

The DUMB LADY Cur'd.

A
C O M E D Y.

Done from *MOLIERE*.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL
in DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

MDCCXXXII. [Price One Shilling.]

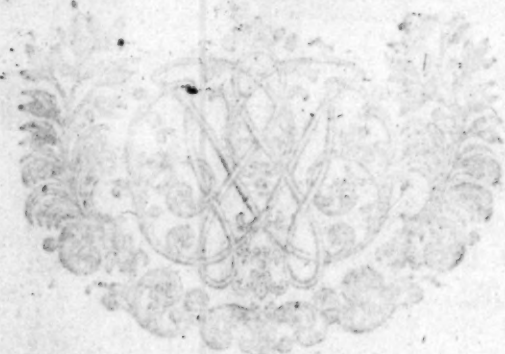
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T O

Dr. JOHN MISAUBIN.

S I R,

WERE I not well assur'd of Your great Candour, the Opinion I have of Your nice Judgment and refined Taste might give me terrible Apprehensions, while I am presenting You a Piece, wherein, I fear, much Injustice is done to an Author, whose Beauties you can so exquisitely relish in the Original.

It would be hard to make a more delicate Compliment to a Lady, than by dedicating to her the Sixth Satyr of *Juvenal*. Such an Address must naturally suppose her free from all the Vices and Follies there inveighed against. Permit me therefore, Sir, to prefix to a Farce, wherein *Quacks* are so severely expos'd, the Name of One who will be remember'd as an Honour to his Profession, while there is a single Practitioner in Town, at whose Door there is a Lamp in an Evening.

A 2

I shall

DEDICATION.

I shall not here proceed in the common Road of Dedications, to sum up the many great Talents with which Nature has enrich'd You : I shall not here, as I might, enlarge on Excellencies so well known to the World ; nor shall I mention here that Politeness, which appears equal with your Wit in your Conversation, and has made You the Desire of the Great, and the Envy of the whole Profession ; that generous Elegance with which You treat your Friends and Patients, inso-much that the latter are often Gainers by their Distempers, and drink you out more in Wine, than they pay you for Physick. I shall not, I say, mention these : But I cannot, without the greatest Violence to my Self, pass by that *Little Pill* which has render'd You so great a Blessing to Mankind ; that *Pill* which is the Opposite to *Pandora's Box*, and has done more real Good in the World than the Poets feign the other to have done Evil. Forgive me, Sir, if I am not able to contain my self while I am talking of this invaluable Remedy, to which so many owe their Health, their Pleasure, nay the very Preservation of their Being.

It is this, Sir, which has animated the Brethren of your Faculty against You ; that has
made

DEDICATION.

made 'em represent one of the greatest Men of this Age, as an illiterate Empirick, for which weak Effort of their Malice You have continually had a very laudable and just Contempt.

Were I not apprehensive of offending your Ears that are so averse to Flattery, I might here mention your great Skill in Divinity, Philosophy, &c. almost equal to your Knowledge in Physick. But this the World will, I hope, be soon acquainted with, by your being prevail'd on to publish some of those excellent Treatises which your leisure Hours have produc'd, and which may, perhaps, be almost as serviceable to Mankind as the Labours of our most celebrated Divines have been.

And now, Sir, give me leave to conclude by wishing, that You may meet with the Reward you merit; that the Gratitude of some of your Patients may, in return for the lengthening of their Lives, contribute to immortalize your Reputation; that I may see a Statue erected to your Memory, with that Serpent of *Æsculapius* in your Hand, which you so deservedly bear in your Arms, is the sincere Wish of,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

most humble Servant.



THE P R E F A C E.

LE *Medecin malgré Lui* of *Moliere*, hath been always esteemed in *France* the best of that Author's Humourous Pieces. *Misanthrope*, to which it was first added, owed to it chiefly its Success. That excellent Play was of too grave a Kind to hit the Genius of the *French* Nation, on which Account the Author, in a very few Days, produced this Farce, which being added to the *Misanthrope*, gave it one of the greatest Runs that any Play ever met with on that Stage.

The *English* Theatre owes this Farce to an Accident not unlike that which gave it to the *French*. And I wish I had been as able to preserve the Spirit of *Moliere*, as I have, in translating it, fallen short even of that very little Time he allowed himself in writing it: However, the Candour of its Audiences hath given me no Reason to repent or be ashamed of my Undertaking, as perhaps when I have returned what is due to *Moliere*, and to the Performers, I shall have very little Cause of Triumph from it.

The Applause our *Mock-Doctor* received on the Theatre admits of no Addition from my Pen. I shall only congratulate the Town on the lively Hope they may entertain of having the Loss, they are one Day to suffer in the Father, so well supply'd in the Son.

But I cannot, when I mention the rising Glories of the Theatre, omit One, who, tho' she owes little Advantage to the Part of *Dorcas*, hath already convinced the best Judges of her admirable Genius for the Stage: She hath sufficiently shewn in the *Old Debauchees*, that her Capacity is not confined to a Song, and I dare swear they will shortly own Her able to do Justice to Characters of a much greater Consequence.

One Pleasure I enjoy from the Success of this Piece, is a Prospect of transplanting successfully some others of *Moliere* of great Value. How I have done this, any *English* Reader may be satisfy'd by examining an exact literal Translation of the *Medecin malgré Lui*, which is the Second in the Second Volume of *Select Comedies of Moliere*, just published by *John Watts*.

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Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Jasper,

Leander,

Gregory,

Robert,

James,

Harry,

Davy,

Hellebor,

Mr. Shepherd.

Mr. Stopelaer.

Mr. Cibber, Jun.

Mr. Jones.

Mr. Mullart.

Mr. Roberts.

Mr. Jones.

Mr. Paget.

W O M E N.

Dorcas,

Charlotte,

Maid,

Miss Raftor.

Miss Williams.

Mrs. Mears.

SCENE, *Partly in a Country-Town, and
partly in a Wood.*

T H E



THE
MOCK DOCTOR:
OR,

The DUMB LADY Cur'd.

SCENE I.

Dorcas, Gregory.

GREGORY.

TELL you No; I won't comply, and it is my Business to talk, and to command.

Dorc. And I tell you, you shall conform to my Will; and that I was not marry'd to you to suffer your Ill-humours.

Greg. O the intolerable Fatigue of Matrimony! *Aristotle* never said a better thing in his Life, than when he told us, That a Wife is worse than a Devil.

Dorc. Hear the learned Gentleman with his *Aristotle*.

Greg. And a learned Man I am too; find me out a Maker of Fagots, that's able, like my Self, to reason upon Things, or that can boast such an Education as mine.

Dorc. An Education!

Greg. Ay, Huffy, a regular Education; first at the Charity-School, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a Gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt very near as much as my Master; from whence I attended a travelling Physician six Years, under the facetious Denomination of a *Merry-Andrew*, where I learnt Physick.

B

Dorc.

2 *The Mock Doctor: Or,*

Dorc. O that thou had'st follow'd him still! Curs'd be the Hour wherein I answer'd the Parson, *I will.*

Greg. And curs'd be the Parson that ask'd me the Question!

Dorc. You have reason to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your Knees every Moment returning Thanks to Heaven for that great Blessing it sent you, when it sent you my Self. — I hope you have not the Assurance to think you deserv'd such a Wife as my self.

Greg. No, really, I don't think I do.

A I R I. *Bessy Bell.*



*When a Lady, like me, condescends to agree,
To let such a Slobberer taste her,
With what Zeal and Care should he worship the Fair,
Who gives him — what's Meat for his Master?*

His

The DUMB LADY cur'd.

3

*His Actions should still,
Attend on her Will,
Hear, Sirrah, and take it for Warning;
To her he should be
Each Night on his Knee,
And so he should be on each Morning.*

Greg. Meat for my Master! you were Meat for your Master, if I an't mistaken; for, to one of our Shames be it spoken, you rose as good a Virgin from me, as you went to Bed. Come, come, Madam, it was a lucky Day for you, when you found me out.

Dorc. Lucky indeed! a Fellow that eats every thing I have.

Greg. That happens to be a Mistake, for I drink some part on't.

Dorc. That sells, one by one, all the Goods in my House.

Greg. Good Management! good Management!

Dorc. That has not even left me a Bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll rise the earlier.

Dorc. And who from Morning till Night is eternally in an Alehouse.

Greg. It's genteel, it's genteel; the Squire does the same.

Dor. Pray, Sir, what are you willing I shall do with my Family?

Greg. Whatever you please.

Dor. My four little Children that are continually crying for Bread.

Greg. Give 'em a Rod! best Cure in the World for crying Children.

Dorc. And do you imagine, Sot——

Greg. Hark ye, my Dear, you know my Temper is not over and above passive, and that my Arm is extremely active.

Dorc. I laugh at your Threats, poor beggarly insolent Fellow.

Greg. Soft Object of my wishing Eyes, I shall play with your pretty Ears.

4 The Mock Doctor: Or,

Dorc. I fear you not, Muckworm.

Greg. I shall thrash your lovely Jacket.

Dorc. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally ——

Greg. Oh, Ho, Ho! you will have it then, I find. [*Beats her.*]

Dorc. O, Murder! Murder!

Enter Squire Robert.

Rob. What's the Matter here? Fy upon you! Fy upon you, Neighbour, to beat your Wife in this scandalous manner.

Dorc. Well, Sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

Rob. O dear, Madam! I give my Consent with all my Heart and Soul.

Dorc. What's that to you, Saucebox? Is it any Business of yours?

Rob. No certainly, Madam.

Dorc. Here's an impertinent Fellow for you, won't suffer a Husband to beat his own Wife.

AIR

The DUMB LADY cur'd.

5

AIR II. Winchester Wedding.



Go thrash your own Rib, Sir, at Home,
Nor thus interfere with our Strife;
May Cuckoldom still be his Doom,
Who strives to part Husband and Wife.
Suppose I've a mind he should drub,
Whose Bones are they, Sir, he's to lick?
At whose Expence is it, you Scrub,
You are not to find him a Stick.

Rob. Neighbour, I ask your Pardon heartily; here, take and thrash your Wife, beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, Sir, I won't beat her.

Rob. O! Sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my Wife, and not yours.

Rob. Certainly.

Greg.

The Mock Doctor: Or,

Greg. You have nothing to do to command me, Sir, neither do I want any of your Assistance, and if you don't get about your Business ———

Dorc. Give me the Stick, dear Husband.

Rob. Well, if ever I attempt to part Husband and Wife again, may I be beaten my self. [Exit.

Greg. Come, my Dear, let us be Friends.

Dorc. What, after beating me so!

Greg. 'Twas but in Jest.

Dorc. I desire you will crack your Jests on your own Bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pshaw! you know, you and I are one, and I beat one Half of my Self when I beat you.

Dorc. Yes, but for the future, I desire you will beat the other Half of your self.

AIR III. Set by Mr. SEEDO.



'Tis true, my good Dear, I am Bone of your Bone,
Thank the Parson who stitch'd two Wretches in one;
But trust me, that Stick, my hard-hearted Swain,
Will certainly cut us asunder again.

Greg.

The DUMB LADY cur'd.

7

Greg. Come, my pretty Dear, I ask Pardon, I'm sorry for't.

Dorc. For once, I pardon you — but you shall pay for it.

Greg. Pshaw! Pshaw! Child, these are only little Affairs, necessary in Friendship; four or five good Blows with a Cudgel between your very fond Couples, only tend to heighten the Affections. I'll now to the Wood, and I promise thee to make a Hundred Fagots before I come home again. [Exit.]

Dorc. If I am not reveng'd on those Blows of yours! — Oh, that I could but think of some Method to be reveng'd on him! Hang the Rogue, he's quite insensible of Cuckoldom.

AIR IV. Oh London is a fine Town.



In ancient Days I've heard, with Horns,

The Wife her Spouse could fright,

Which now the Hero bravely scorns

So common is the Sight.

To City, Country, Camp, or Court,

Or wheresoe'er he go,

No horned Brother dares make Sport,

They're Cuckolds all arow.

Oh that I could find out some Invention to get him well drubb'd!

Enter Harry and James.

Harry. Were ever two Fools sent on such a Message as we are, in quest of a dumb Doctor?

James. Blame your own cursed Memory that made you forget his Name. — For my part, I'll travel thro' the World rather than return without him; that were as much as a Limb or two were worth.

Harry.

The Mock Doctor: Or,

Harry. Was ever such a cursed Misfortune! to lose the Letter? I should not even know his Name if I were to hear it.

Dorc. Can I find no Invention to be reveng'd? — Heyday! who are these?

James. Harkye, Mistress, do you know where — where — where Doctor V/hat-d'ye-call-him lives?

Dorc. Doctor who?

James. Doctor — Doctor — what's his Name?

Dorc. Hey! what, has the Fellow a mind to banter me?

Harry. Is there no Physician hereabouts famous for curing Dumbness?

Dorc. I fancy you have no need of such a Physician, Mr. Impertinence.

Harry. Don't mistake us, good Woman, we don't mean to banter you, we are sent by our Master, whose Daughter has lost her Speech, for a certain Physician who lives hereabouts, we have lost our Direction, and 'tis as much as our Lives are worth to return without him.

Dorc. There is one Doctor *Lazy* lives just by, but he has left off practising. You would not get him a Mile, to save the Lives of a thousand Patients.

James. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

Harry. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, tho' we carry him on our Backs.

Dorc. Ha! Heaven has inspir'd me with one of the most admirable Inventions to be reveng'd on my Hangdog! [*Aside.*] I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young Lady's Business for her; he's reckon'd one of the best Physicians in the World, especially for Dumbness.

Harry. Pray tell us where he lives?

Dorc. You'll never be able to get him out of his own House; but if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself here with cutting Wood.

Harry. A Physician cut Wood!

James. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after Herbs, you mean.

Dorc.

The DUMB LADY cur'd. 9

Dorc. No, he's one of the most extraordinary Men in the World: He has the oddest Humours! you would never take him to be what he is. — He goes drest in the most extravagant manner, affecting to appear ignorant; for there is nothing he so much dreads, as to be known for a Physician.

James. All your great Men have some strange Oddities about 'em.

Dorc. The Humour of this is so extravagant, that he will suffer himself to be beat, before he will own himself to be a Physician — and I'll give you my Word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both of you take a good Cudgel, and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forc'd to do when we have any need of him.

Jam. What a ridiculous Whim is here!

Dorc. Very true; and in so great a Man.

James. And is he so very a skilful Man?

Dorc. Skilful! why, he does Miracles. About half a Year ago, a Woman was given over by all her Physicians, nay, she had been dead some time; when this great Man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he pour'd a little Drop of something down her Throat — he had no sooner done it, than she got out of her Bed, and walk'd about the Room, as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh prodigious!

Dorc. 'Tis not above three Weeks ago, that a Child of Twelve Years old fell from the Top of a House to the Bottom, and broke its Scull, its Arms, and Legs. — Our Physician was no sooner drubb'd into making him a Visit, than having rubb'd the Child all over with a certain Ointment, it got up upon its Legs, and run away to play.

Both. Oh most wonderful!

Harry. Hey! Gad, *James*, we'll drub him out of a Pot of this Ointment.

James. Sure this Quack understands as much as the whole College of Physicians?

Dorc. College of Physicians!

10 The Mock Doctor: Or,

A I R V. Set by Mr. SEED O.



*In formal dull Schools,
By Forefathers Rules,
The Doctor's equipp'd out for Slaughter;
If according to Art,
The Patient depart,
He never is blam'd for it after.*

*The Quack still succeeds,
Or falls by his Deeds,
If he kills you, he gets not a Shilling;
But who denies Fees
To the Quack, whose Degrees
Once give him a Licence for Killing?*

Harry. This must be the very Man we were sent after,

Dorc. Yonder is the very Man I speak of.

James. What, that he yonder?

Dorc. The very same. — He has spy'd us, and taken up his Bill.

James. Come, *Harry*, don't let us lose one Moment. — Mistress, your Servant; we give you ten thousand Thanks for this Favour.

Dorc. Be sure, and make good Use of your Sticks.

James. He shan't want that.

[*Exeunt.*
Re-enter

The DUMB LADY cur'd.

II

Re-enter James, Harry, meeting Gregory.

Greg. Pox on't! 'tis most confounded hot Weather. Hey! who have we here?

James. Sir, your most obedient humble Servant. ——— We are mighty happy in finding you here. ——— 'Tis in your Power, Sir, to do us a very great Favour. ——— We come, Sir, to implore your Assistance in a certain Affair.

Greg. If it be in my Power to give you any Assistance, Masters, I'm very ready to do it.

James. Sir, you are extremely obliging. ——— But, dear Sir, let me beg you'd be cover'd, the Sun will hurt your Complexion.

Harry. For Heaven's sake, Sir, be cover'd.

Greg. These should be Footmen, by their Drefs, but should be Courtiers by their Ceremony. *[Aside.]*

James. You must not think it strange, Sir, that we come thus to seek after you; Men of your Capacity will be sought after by the whole World.

Greg. Truly, Gentlemen, tho' I say it, that should not say it, I have a pretty good Hand at a Fagot.

Jam. O dear Sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy Fagots cheaper elsewhere; but if you find such in all this Country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one Word then with you, you shall have mine for ten Shillings a Hundred.

James. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a Penny cheaper, if 'twas to my Father.

James. Dear Sir, we know you very well ——— don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, Master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one Farthing.

James. Oh pray, Sir, leave this idle Discourse. ——— Can a Person, like you, amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous Physician, like you, try to disguise himself to the World, and bury such fine Talents in the Woods?

12 *The Mock Doctor: Or,*

Greg. The Fellow's a Fool.

James. Let me intreat you, Sir, not to dissemble with us.

Harry. It is in vain, Sir, we know what you are.

Greg. Know me! what do you know of me?

James. Why, we know you, Sir, to be a very great Physician.

Greg. Physician in your Teeth! I a Physician!

James. The Fit is on him. ——— Sir, let me beseech you to conceal your self no longer, and oblige us to you know what.

Greg. Devil take me, if I know what, Sir. ——— But I know this, That I'm no Physician.

James. We must proceed to the usual Remedy, I find. ——— And so you are no Physician.

Greg. No.

James. You are no Physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

Jam. Well, if we must, we must. [Beat him.]

Greg. Oh! Oh! Gentlemen! Gentlemen! what are you doing? I am ——— I am ——— whatever you please to have me.

James. Why will you oblige us, Sir, to this Violence?

Harry. Why will you force us to this troublesome Remedy?

James. I assure you, Sir, it gives me a great deal of Pain.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, and so it does me. But pray, Gentlemen, what is the Reason that you have a mind to make a Physician of me?

James. What! do you deny your being a Physician, again?

Greg. And the Devil take me, if I am.

Harry. You are no Physician?

Greg. May I be pox'd, if I am. [They beat him.] Oh! — Oh! — Dear Gentlemen; Oh! for Heaven's sake; I am a Physician, and an Apothecary too, if you'll have me; I had rather be any thing, than be knock'd o'the Head.

James. Dear Sir, I am rejoyc'd to see you come to your Senses; I ask Pardon ten thousand times for what you have forc'd us to.

Greg.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceiv'd my self, and am a Physician without knowing on't. But, dear Gentlemen, are you certain I'm a Physician?

James. Yes, the greatest Physician in the World.

Greg. Indeed!

Harry. A Physician that has cur'd all sorts of Distempers.

Greg. The Devil I have!

James. That has made a Woman walk about the Room after she was dead six Hours; and set a Child upon its Legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

Harry. Lookye, Sir, you shall have content, my Master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

James. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a Physician, without doubt.—I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect my self.—Well—and what is the Distemper I am to cure?

James. My young Mistress, Sir, has lost her Tongue.

Greg. The Devil take me if I have found it. — But, come, Gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a Physician's Habit, for a Physician can no more prescribe without a full Wig, than without a Fee. [Exit.

Dore. I don't remember my Heart has gone so pit-a-pat with Joy a long while. — Revenge is surely the most delicious Morfel the Devil ever dropt into the Mouth of a Woman: And this is a Revenge which costs nothing; for, alack-a-day! to plant Horns upon a Husband's Head is more dangerous than is imagin'd: — Odd! I had a narrow Escape when I met with this Fool, the best of my Market was over, and I began to grow almost as cheap as a crack'd China Cup.

AIR

A I R VI. Pinks and Lilies.



*A Woman's Ware, like China,
Now cheap, now dear is bought;
When whole, tho' worth a Guinea,
When broke's not worth a Groat.*

*A Woman at St. James's,
With Hundreds you obtain;
But stay till lost her Fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane.*



S C E N E Sir Jasper's House.

Enter Sir Jasper, and James.

Sir Jasp. Where is he? Where is he?

James. Only recruiting himself after his Journey. You need not be impatient, Sir, for were my young Lady dead, he'd bring her to Life again. — He makes no more of bringing a Patient to Life, than other Physicians do of killing him.

Sir Jasp. 'Tis strange so great a Man should have those unaccountable odd Humours you mention'd.

James. 'Tis but a good Blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself. — Here he is.

Enter Gregory as a Doctor, and Harry.

Harry. Sir, this is the Doctor.

Sir Jasp. Dear Sir, you're the welcom'd Man in the World.

Greg. Hypocrates says, we should both be cover'd.

Sir Jasp.

Sir Jasp. Ha! does *Hippocrates* say so? In what Chapter pray?

Greg. In his Chapter of Hats.

Sir Jasp. Since *Hippocrates* says so, I shall obey him.

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the Highway of Letters —

Sir Jasp. Doctor! Pray who do you speak to?

Greg. To you, Doctor.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha! — I am a Knight, thank the King's Grace for it; but no Doctor.

Greg. What, you're no Doctor?

Sir Jasp. No, upon my Word.

Greg. You're no Doctor?

Sir Jasp. Doctor! no.

Greg. There — 'tis done.

[Beats him.]

Sir Jasp. Done, in the Devil's Name! What's done?

Greg. Why now you're made a Doctor of Physick. — I am sure it's all the Degrees I ever took.

Sir Jasp. What Devil of a Fellow have you brought here?

James. I told you, Sir, the Doctor had strange Whims with him.

Sir Jasp. Whims, quotha! — Egad I shall bind his Physicianship over to his good Behaviour, if he has any more of these Whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask Pardon for the Liberty I have taken.

Sir Jasp. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

Greg. I am sorry for those Blows.

Sir Jasp. Nothing at all, nothing at all, Sir.

Greg. Which I was oblig'd to have the Honour of laying on so thick upon you.

Sir Jasp. Let's talk no more of 'em, Sir. — My Daughter, Doctor, is fallen into a very strange Distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoy'd to hear it; and I wish with all my Heart, you and your whole Family had the same Occasion for me, as your Daughter, to shew the great Desire I have to serve you.

Sir Jasp. Sir, I am oblig'd to you.

Greg.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, I speak from the very bottom of my Soul.

Sir Jasp. I do believe you, Sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your Daughter's Name?

Sir Jasp. My Daughter's Name is *Charlot*.

Greg. Are you sure she was christen'd *Charlot*?

Sir Jasp. No, Sir, she was christen'd *Charlotta*.

Greg. I am glad to hear it; *Charlotta* is a very good Name for a Patient; and let me tell you, the Name is often of as much Service to the Patient, as the Physician is.

Enter Charlot, and Maid.

Sir Jasp. Sir, my Daughter's here.

Greg. Is that my Patient? Upon my Word she carries no Distemper in her Countenance — and I fancy, a healthy young Fellow would fit very well upon her.

Sir Jasp. You make her smile, Doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good Sign when a Physician makes his Patient smile. — Well, Child, what's the Matter with you? What's your Distemper?

Charl. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Charl. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what? —

Charl. Han, hi, hon —

Greg. Han! Hon! Honin hah! — I don't understand a Word she says. Han! Hi! Hon! What the Devil of a Language is this?

Sir Jasp. Why, that's her Distemper, Sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the Cause — and this Distemper, Sir, has kept back her Marriage.

Greg. Kept back her Marriage! Why so?

Sir Jasp. Because her Lover refuses to have her till she's cur'd.

Greg. O Lud! was ever such a Fool, that wou'd not have his Wife dumb! — Would to Heaven my Wife was dumb,
I'd

I'd be far from desiring to cure her. — Does this Distemper; this Han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

Sir Jasp. Yes, Sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great Pains?

Sir Jasp. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your Hand; Child. Hum — Ha — a very dumb Pulse indeed.

Sir Jasp. You have guess'd her Distemper.

Greg. Ay, Sir, we great Physicians know a Distemper immediately: An ignorant Fellow would have told you your Daughter ails This, and That, and T'other; but as soon as I feel your Daughter's Pulse, I immediately tell you she's dumb.

Sir Jasp. But I should be glad to know, Doctor, from whence her Dumbness proceeds?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for. — Her Dumbness proceeds from her having lost her Speech.

Sir Jasp. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her Speech?

Greg. All our best Authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the Action of the Tongue.

Sir Jasp. But if you please, dear Sir, your Sentiments upon that Impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has upon that Subject said very fine Things; very fine Things.

Sir Jasp. I believe it, Doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great Man, he was indeed a very great Man.—A Man, who upon that Subject was a Man that—But to return to our Reasoning: I hold that this Impediment of the Action of the Tongue is caused by certain Humours which our great Physicians call — Humours — Humours — Ah! you understand *Latin* —

Sir Jasp. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand *Latin*?

Sir Jasp. No indeed, Doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci Thuram Cathalimus, Singulariter Nom. Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, Genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc Musæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Ouy Pour-

18 *The Mock Doctor: Or,*

quoy non, quia Substantivo & Adjectivum concordat in Genere Numerum & Casus, sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, & similibus.

Sir Jasp. Ah! Why did I neglect my Studies?

Harry. What a prodigious Man is this!

Greg. Besides, Sir, certain Spirits passing from the left Side, which is the Seat of the Liver, to the right, which is the Seat of the Heart, we find the Lungs, which we call in *Latin*, *Whiskerous*, having Communication with the Brain, which we name in *Greek*, *Teapotus*, by means of a hollow Vein which we call in *Hebrew*, *Periwiggus*, meet in the Road with the said Spirits, which fill the Ventracles of the *Omotaplasmus*; and because the said Humours have — you comprehend me well, Sir? And because the said Humours have a certain Malignity — listen seriously, I beg you.

Sir Jasp. I do.

Greg. Have a certain Malignity that is caused — be attentive if you please.

Sir Jasp. I am.

Greg. That is caus'd, I say, by the Acrimony of the Humours engender'd in the Concavity of the Diaphragm; thence it arrives, that these Vapours, *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.* — This, Sir, is the Cause of your Daughter's being dumb.

Harry. O that I had but his Tongue!

Sir Jasp. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear Sir, there is one thing. — I always thought till now, that the Heart was on the left Side, and the Liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, Sir, so they were formerly, but we have chang'd all that. — The College at present, Sir, proceeds upon an intire new Method.

Sir Jasp. I ask your Pardon, Sir.

Greg. Oh, Sir! there's no Harm — you're not oblig'd to know so much as we do.

Sir Jasp. Very true; but Doctor, what would you have done with my Daughter?

Greg.

Greg. What would I have done with her! Why, my Advice is, that you immediately put her into a Bed warm'd with Wood-Ashes: Cause her to drink one Quart of Spring-Water, mix'd with one Pint of Brandy, six *Seville* Oranges, and three Ounces of the best Double-refin'd Sugar.

Sir Jasp. Why this is Punch, Doctor!

Greg. Punch, Sir! Ay, Sir; ——— and what's better than Punch, to make People talk? — Never tell me of your Julaps, your Gruels, your — your — This, and That, and T'other, which are only Arts to keep a Patient in hand a long time. — I love to do a Business all at once.

Sir Jasp. Doctor, I ask Pardon, you shall be obey'd.

Greg. I'll return in the Evening, and see what Effect it has had on her. But hold, there's another young Lady here, that I must apply some little Remedies to.

Maid. Who, me? I was never better in my Life, I thank you, Sir.

Greg. So much the worse, Madam, so much the worse. — 'Tis very dangerous to be very well — for when one is very well, one has nothing else to do, but to take Physick, and bleed away.

Sir Jasp. What, bleed, when one has no Distemper?

Greg. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome.

Maid. I'm your humble Servant for that. — I shall make no Apothecary's Shop of my Belly, I'll assure you.

Sir Jasp. Doctor —

[Gives Money.]

Greg. You shall see me in the Evening. — Be under no Concern, Sir, you shall hear your Daughter speak in a Week — or she shall be out of the Hearing of you.

[Exit.]

Sir Jasp. Well, this is a Physician of vast Capacity, but of exceeding odd Humours.

SCENE *The Street.**Leander solus.*

Ah, *Charlot!* thou hast no reason to apprehend my Ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy Torment by my own. — Oh how much more justifiable are my Fears, when you have not only the Command of a Parent, but the Temptation of Fortune to allure you!

A I R VII. Set by Mr. SEED O.



O cursed Power of Gold,
For which all Honour's sold,
And Honesty's no more!
For thee we often find
The Great in Leagues combin'd
To trick and rob the Poor.

By thee the Fool and Knave,
Transcend the Wise and Brave,
So absolute thy Reign:
Without some Help of thine.
The greatest Beauties shine,
And Lovers plead in vain.

Enter

The DUMB LADY cur'd.

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Enter Gregory.

Greg. Upon my Word, this is a good Beginning, and since ———

Lean. I have waited for you, Doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your Assistance.

Greg. Ay, you have need of Assistance indeed! What a Pulse is here! What do you out o' your Bed? [*Feels his Pulse.*]

Lean. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor, you're mistaken, I am not sick I assure you.

Greg. How, Sir! not sick! Do you think I don't know when a Man is sick, better than he does himself?

Lean. Well, if I have any Distemper, it is the Love of that young Lady your Patient, from which you just now come, and to whom if you can convey me, I dare swear, Doctor, I shall be effectually cur'd.

Greg. Do you take me for a Pimp, Sir, a Physician for a Pimp?

Lean. Dear Sir! make no Noise.

Greg. Sir, I will make a Noise, you're an impertinent Fellow.

Lean. Softly, good Sir!

Greg. I shall shew you, Sir, that I'm not such a sort of a Person, and that you're an insolent, saucy ——— [*Leander gives a Pulse.*] — I'm not speaking to you, Sir, but there are certain impertinent Fellows in the World, that take People for what they are not — which always puts me, Sir, into such a Passion, that ———

Lean. I ask Pardon, Sir, for the Liberty I have taken.

Greg. O dear, Sir! no Offence in the least. — Pray, Sir, how am I to serve you?

Lean. This Distemper, Sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feign'd. The Physicians have reason'd upon it, according to Custom, and have derived it from the Brain, from the Bowels, from the Liver, Lungs, Lights, and every Part of the Body; but the true Cause of it is Love; and is an Invention of *Charlot's*, to deliver her from a Match which she dislikes.

Greg.

22 *The Mock Doctor: Or,*

Greg. Hum! — Suppose you were to disguise your self as an Apothecary?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her Father, therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Greg. Go then, disguise your self immediately; I'll wait for you here. — Ha! methinks I see a Patient. [*Exit Lean.*]

Enter James, and Davy.

Greg. Gad! Matters go swimmingly. I'll ev'n continue a Physician as long as I live.

James. [*Speaking to Davy.*] Fear not; if he relapse into his Humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the Physician again. Doctor, I have brought you a Patient.

Davy. My poor Wife, Doctor, has kept her Bed these six Months. [*Greg. holds out his Hand.*] if your Worship would find out some means to cure her —

Greg. What's the Matter with her?

Davy. Why she has had several Physicians; one says 'tis the Dropsy; another 'tis the What-d'ye-call-it, the Tumpany; a third says 'tis a slow Fever; a fourth says the Rumatiz.

Greg. What are the Symptoms?

Davy. Symptoms, Sir!

Greg. Ay, ay, what does she complain of?

Davy. Why she is always craving and craving for Drink, eats nothing at all. Then her Legs are swell'd up as big as a good handsome Post, and as cold they be as a Stone.

Greg. Come, to the Purpose; speak to the Purpose, my Friend. [*Holding out his Hand.*]

Davy. The Purpose is, Sir, that I am come to ask what your Worship pleases to have done with her?

Greg. Pshaw, Pshaw, Pshaw! I don't understand one Word what you mean.

James. His Wife is sick, Doctor, and he has brought you a Guinea for your Advice. Give it the Doctor, Friend.

[*Davy gives the Guinea.*]

Greg. Ay, now I understand you; here's a Gentleman explains the Case. You say your Wife is sick of the Dropsy?

Davy.

The DUMB LADY cur'd.

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Davy. Yes, an't please your Worship.

Greg. Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your Meaning at last; you have the strangest way of describing a Distemper! You say your Wife is always calling for Drink; let her have as much as she desires, she can't drink too much; and d'ye hear? give her this piece of Cheese.

Davy. Cheese, Sir!

Greg. Ay, Cheese, Sir. The Cheese, of which this is a part, has cur'd more People of a Dropsy, than ever had it.

Davy. I give your Worship a thousand Thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. *[Exit.]*

Greg. Go, and if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.

Enter Dorcas.

Dorc. I'm like to pay severely for my Frolick, if I have lost my Husband by it.

Greg. O Physick and Matrimony! my Wife!

Dorc. For tho' the Rogue used me a little roughly, he was as good a Workman as any in five Miles of his Head.

AIR

24 *The Mock Doctor: Or,*

AIR VIII. *Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods.*



*The Soldier, who bravely goes
In Battle against his Foes;
The Foes once overcome,
May live in Vice at home,
And no Anger his Captain shews:
So the Husband who
To Duty is true,
And performs his Bus'ness well;
Tho' he often thwack
His Deary's Back,
One tender Smack,
More sweet than Sack,
Can all her Fury quell.*

Greg. What Evil Stars, in the Devil's Name, has sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a Pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a Physician to some purpose. — Come hider, Shild, leta me feela your Pulse.

Dorc. What have you to do with my Pulse?

Greg. I am de *Frensh* Phyficion, my Dear, and I am to feel a de Pulse of de Patien.

Dorc. Yes, but I am no Patient, Sir, nor want no Phyficion, good Dr. *Ragon*.

Greg.

The DUMB LADY cur'd.

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Greg. Begar, you must be put-a to Bed, and taka de Peel; me sal give you de litle Peel dat sal cure you, as you have more Distempren den evere were hered off.

Dorc. What's the Matter with the Fool? If you feel my Pulse any more, I shall feel your Ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you must taka de Peel.

Dorc. Begar, I shall not taka de Peel.

Greg. I'll take this Opportunity to try her. [*Aside.*] — Maye Dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sal cura me, you sal be my Physicion, and I will giva you de Fee.

[*Holds out a Purse.*]

Dorc. Ay, my Stomach does not go against those Pills; and what must I do for your Fee?

Greg. Oh begar! me vill show you, me vill teacha you what you sal doe; you must come kissa me now, you must come kissa me.

Dorc. [*Kisses him.*] As I live, my very Hang-Dog! I've discover'd him in good time, or he had discover'd me. [*Aside.*] — Well, Doctor, and are you cur'd now?

Greg. I shall make my self a Cuckold presently. [*Aside.*] — Dis is not a propre Place, dis is too publick, for sud any one pass bye while I taka dis Physick, it vil preventa de opperation.

Dorc. What Physic, Doctor?

Greg. In your Ear, dat.

[*Whispers.*]

Dorc. And in your Ear, dat Sirrah. [*Hitting him a Box.*] Do you dare affront my Virtue, you Villain! D'you think the World should bribe me to part with my Virtue, my dear Virtue? There, take your Purse again; but the Gold I'll keep, as an eternal Monument of my Virtue.

E

A I R

26 *The Mock Doctor: Or,*

A I R IX. As down in a Meadow.



*Alas! how unhappy is that Woman's Fate,
Who has lost her dear Virtue, that mighty Estate:
How wicked Mankind! who are still laying Snares,
To catch our dear Virtue, when it nods unawares:
How great is that Woman, how happy and wise,
Who keeps her dear Virtue, and Gold can despise!
But she is most happy, who well knows to hold
At once her dear Virtue, and her Lover's dear Gold.*

Greg. Oh what a happy Dog am I, to find my Wife so vir-
tuous a Woman, when I least expected it! Oh my injur'd
Dear! behold your Gregory, your own Husband. *Dora.*

Dorc. Ha!

Greg. Oh me! I'm so full of Joy, I cannot tell thee more; than that I am as much the happiest of Men, as thou art the most virtuous of Women.

Dorc. And art thou really my *Gregory*? And hast thou any more of these Purfes?

Greg. No, my Dear, I have no more about me, but it's probable in few Days I may have a hundred, for the strangest Accident has happened to me!

Dorc. Yes, my Dear, but I can tell you who you are oblig'd to for that Accident; had you not beaten me this Morning, I had never had you beaten into a Physician.

Greg. Oh, oh! then 'tis to you I owe all that Drubbing.

Dorc. Yes, my Dear, tho' I little dreamt of the Consequence.

Greg. How infinitely I'm oblig'd to thee! — But hush!

Enter Helebore.

Hel. Are not you the great Doctor just come to this Town, so famous for curing Dumbness?

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then Sir, I am happy in finding you. I am my self, Sir, a Brother of the Faculty; I'm skill'd in that Part of it, to the Professors of which the World gives the Appellation of *Mad Doctor*. I have at present, Sir, with me, a Gentleman who labours under an extraordinary Sort of a Lunacy. We cannot, Sir, by any means prevail upon him to utter one Syllable.

Greg. I shall make him speak, Sir.

Hel. It will add, Sir, to the great Reputation you have already acquir'd, and I am happy in finding you.

Greg. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You see that Woman there, she is possess'd with a more strange sort of Madness, and imagines every Man she sees, to be her Husband. Now, Sir, if you will but admit her into your House —

Hel. Most willingly, Sir.

Greg. The first Thing, Sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty Ounces of her Blood; then, Sir, you are to shave off all

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her Hair, all her Hair, Sir; after which you are to make a very severe Use of your Rod twice a Day; and take a particular Care that she have not the least Allowance beyond Bread and Water.

Hel. Sir, I shall readily agree to the Dictates of so great a Man; nor can I help approving of your Method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

Greg. [*To his Wife.*] My Dear, that Gentleman will conduct you to my Lodging. — Sir, I beg you will take a particular Care of this Lady.

Hel. You may depend on't, Sir, nothing in my Power shall be wanting; you have only to inquire for Dr. *Helebore*.

Dorc. 'Twon't be long before I see you, Husband.

Hel. Husband! this is as unaccountable a Madness as any I have yet met with. [*Exit with Dorcas.*]

Enter Leander.

Greg. I think I shall be reveng'd of you now, my Dear. — So, Sir.

Lean. I think I make a pretty good Apothecary now.

Greg. Yes, Faith, you're almost as good an Apothecary as I'm a Physician, and if you please I'll convey you to the Patient.

Lean. If I did but know a few Physical hard Words —

Greg. Would you know as much as the whole Faculty in an Instant, Sir? Come along, come along. [*Exeunt.*]



S C E N E *Sir Jasper's House.*

Sir Jasper, Charlot, and Maid.

Sir Jasp. Has she made no Attempt to speak yet?

Maid. Not in the least, Sir, so far from it, that as she used to make a sort of a Noise before, she is now quite silent.

Sir Jasp. [*Looking on his Watch.*] 'Tis almost the Time the Doctor promis'd to return.

Enter Gregory, and Leander.

Sir Jasp. Oh! he is here. Doctor, your Servant.

Greg.

Greg. Well, Sir, how does my Patient?

Sir Jasp. Rather worse, Sir, since your Prescription.

Greg. So much the better, 'tis a Sign that it operates.

Sir Jasp. Who is that Gentleman, pray, with you?

Greg. An Apothecary, Sir. Mr. Apothecary, will you please to feel the Lady's Pulse, while I reason with Sir *Jasper* concerning her Distemper. It is, Sir, a great and subtle Question among the Doctors, Whether Women are more easy to be cured than Men. I beg you would attend to this, Sir, if you please.—Some say, No; others say, Yes; and for my part, I say both Yes, and No, forasmuch as the Incongruity of the opaque Humours that meet in the natural Temper of Women, being the Cause that the Brutal Part will always prevail over the Sensible—One sees that the Inequality of their Opinions depend on the black Movement of the Circle of the Moon, and as the Sun that darts his Rays upon the Concavity of the Earth, finds. —

Charl. No, I am not at all capable of changing my Opinion.

Sir Jasp. My Daughter speaks! my Daughter speaks! Oh, the great Power of Physick! Oh, the admirable Physician! How can I reward thee for such a Service?

Greg. This Distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of Trouble.

[*Traversing the Stage in a great Heat, the Apothecary following.*]

Charl. Yes, Sir, I have recover'd my Speech; but I have recover'd it to tell you, that I will never have any Husband but *Leander*.

Sir Jasp. But ———

Charl. Nothing is capable to shake the Resolution I have taken.

Sir Jasp. What!

Charl. Your Rhetorick is in vain, all your Discourses signify nothing.

Sir Jasp. I ———

Charl. I am determin'd, and all the Fathers in the World shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my Inclinations.

Sir Jasp. I have ———

Charl. I never will submit to this Tyranny; and if I must not have the Man I like, I'll die a Maid.

Sir Jasp.

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Sir Jasp. But —

Charl. No, not in any manner, not in the least, not at all; you lose your Time; you may beat me, kill me, do what you will, I'll never consent, that I'm resolv'd.

Sir Jasp. What Thunder is here! there's no stopping her Tongue. Doctor, I desire you to make her dumb again.

Greg. That's impossible, Sir, all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Sir Jasp. And do you think —

Charl. All your Reasoning shall never conquer my Resolution.

Sir Jasp. You shall marry Mr. *Dapper* this Evening.

Charl. I'll be buried first.

Greg. Stay, Sir, stay, let me regulate this Affair, it is a Distemper that possesses her, and I know what Remedy to apply to it.

Sir Jasp. Is it possible, Sir, that you can cure the Distemper of the Mind?

Greg. Sir, I can cure any thing. Harkye, Mr. Apothecary, you see that the Love she has for *Leander* is intirely contrary to the Will of her Father, and that there is no Time to lose, and that an immediate Remedy is necessary: For my part, I know of but one, which is a Dose of Purgative Running-away, mixt with two Drachms of Pills Matrimoniac and three large Handfuls of the *Arbor Vita*; perhaps she will make some Difficulty to take them; but as you are an able Apothecary, I shall trust to you for the Success: Go, make her walk in the Garden; be sure lose no Time; to the Remedy, quick, to the Remedy Specifick. [Exeunt. *Lean. and Charl.*

Sir Jasp. What Drugs, Sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

Greg. They are some, Sir, lately discover'd by the Royal Society.

Sir Jasp. Did you ever see any thing equal to yer Insolence?

Greg. Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too Headstrong.

Sir Jasp. You cannot imagine, Sir, how foolishly fond she is of that *Leander*.

Greg.

Greg. The Heat of Blood, Sir, causes that in young Minds.

Sir Jasp. For my part, the Moment I discover'd the Violence of her Passion, I have always kept her lock'd up.

Greg. You have done very wisely.

Sir Jasp. And I have prevented them from having the least Communication together, for who knows what might have been the Consequence? Who knows but she might have taken it into her Head to have run away with him?

Greg. Very true.

Enter Dorcas.

Dorcas. Where is this Villain, this Rogue, this pretended Physician?

Sir Jasp. Heyday! what, what, what's the Matter now?

Dorc. Oh, Sirrah! Sirrah! — would you have destroy'd your Wife, you Villain? Would you have been guilty of Murder, Dog?

Greg. Hoity, toity! — What mad Woman is this?

Sir Jasp. Poor Wretch! for Pity's sake cure her, Doctor.

Greg. Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a Fee. — I shall not set up for a charitable Physician.

Dorc. Sir, he imposes on you — he's no more a Physician than I am; he's a poor dirty Fellow, and has nothing to boast on, but being my Husband.

Enter James.

James. Oh, Sir! undone, undone! your Daughter is run away with her Lover *Leander*, who was here in the Shape of an Apothecary — and this is the Rogue of a Physician who has contriv'd all the Affair.

Sir Jasp. How! am I abus'd in this manner? Here, who is there? Bid my Clerk bring Pen, Ink, and Paper, I'll send this Fellow to Jail immediately.

James. Indeed, my good Doctor, you stand a very fair Chance to be hang'd for stealing an Heiress.

Dorc. And are they going to hang you, my dear Husband?

Greg. You see, my dear Wife.

Dorc.

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Dorc. Had you finish'd the Fagots, it had been some Consolation.

Greg. Leave me, or you'll break my Heart.

Dorc. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your Death — nor will I budge an Inch, till I've seen you hang'd.

Enter Leander, and Charlot.

Lean. Behold, Sir, that *Leander* whom you had forbid your House, restores your Daughter to your Power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, Sir, only at your Hands. — I have receiv'd Letters, by which I've learnt the Death of an Uncle, whose Estate far exceeds that of your intended Son-in-law.

Sir Jasp. Sir, your Virtue is beyond all Estates, and I give you my Daughter with all the Pleasure in the World.

Lean. Now my Fortune makes me happy indeed, my dearest *Charlotte*. — And, Doctor, I'll make thy Fortune too.

Greg. If you would be so kind to make me a Physician in earnest, I should desire no other Fortune.

Dorc. And is it not owing to me, Sirrah, that you have been a Physician at all?

Sir Jasp. May I beg to know whether you are a Physician or not — or what the Devil you are?

Greg. I think, Sir, after the miraculous Cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask, whether I am a Physician or no. — And for you, Wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all Deference to my Greatness.

A Fagot-binder could but thrash your Jacket,
But a Physician, he

Dor. - - - - - can pick your Pocket.

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